

# The Musical World.

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## WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

September 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1869.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

**TUESDAY MORNING, September 7th, "ELIJAH;"**  
WEDNESDAY MORNING, September 8th, "THE PRODIGAL SON" (by Arthur S. Sullivan), Selection from "JUDAS MACCABEUS;" THURSDAY MORNING, September 9th, Rossini's "MESSE SOLENNELLE," and Mendelssohn's "HYMN OF PRAISE;" FRIDAY MORNING, September 10th, "THE MESSIAH." On TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY EVENINGS there will be GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS IN THE COLLEGE HALL.

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As the Opera season approaches its end the performances become more frequent. There were six last week, with the house full on each occasion. *Lucia* was given once; *Hamlet* twice (the first time—on Wednesday—being a morning representation); *La Figlia del Reggimento* once; *La Sonnambula* once; and *Le Prophète* once.

The revival of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, Donizetti's single contribution to the Paris Opera Comique, was welcome alone for the sake of Madame Adelina Patti's Maria, the performance in other respects being hardly up to the Covent Garden pitch. Although we have seen "Jenny Lind," Sontag, Alboni, and Marie Cabel (not to name others) in the character, we are obliged to admit that, whether regarded from a dramatic or from a musical point of view, the Maria of Madame Patti is, as a whole, the best the Italian stage has witnessed. As an exhibition of piquant and sprightly comedy it is incomparably the best. We have here the genuine Vivandière, true "Daughter of the Regiment," just as unforced and natural when, manifestly against her inclination, she has donned the habiliments and been taught to assume the deportment of a fine lady, as when, in the earlier scenes, clad in the conventional military costume, she moves freely and happily among the soldiers, to whose comforts it is her delight to minister, and whom she cheers with her vivacity and enlivens with her song. In the first act, from the characteristic air, "Ciascun lo dice," where the qualities of the gallant 21st, formidable alike in war and love, are exultingly set forth, to "Convien partir," in the pathetic strains of which the unwillingly reclaimed Maria bids adieu to her familiar and beloved companions, Madame Patti's singing is as perfect as her acting is spontaneous. In the second act, the diverting scene of the "Lesson," where to the pianoforte accompaniment of the Marchioness of Berkenfeld, Maria, joining Sergeant Sulpizio in unseemly mockery of that stilted dame of quality, vainly endeavours to give satisfactory utterance to the detested song of her pseudo-aunt's predilection, is fairly irresistible; and the climax, when, during a florid burlesque *cadenza*, she tears up her music, and the Marchioness, in spite of the most earnest protestations, is compelled to traverse the stage backwards and forwards, to the vulgar refrain of the "Rataplan," is a worthy close to a scene in its way incomparable. Then, the final air—a Mazurka, from Prince Poniatowski's *Don Desiderio*, the interpolation of which would possibly have astonished Donizetti no less than the improvised "Rataplan" astonishes the Marchioness—is so brilliantly executed by Madame Patti that the fact of its extreme inappropriateness is entirely overlooked. We need not further dilate upon an opera which was one of the latest attractions of the season 1868, and which, indeed, has been commented upon at intervals since Mr. Lumley brought out *La Figlia del Reggimento* for Mdlle. Jenny Lind in 1847. Enough that scene after scene, the other night, was a genuine success for Madame Patti, who was encored in "Ciascun lo dice," and unanimously called forward at the end of each act. The part of Tonio, Maria's lover, was sustained by Signor Corsi, that of Sergeant Sulpizio by Signor Ciampi, and that of the Marchioness by Madame Tagliafico.

The morning performance of *Hamlet* was a new triumph for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, whose representation of the scene of the madness and death of Ophelia was never more touchingly earnest, picturesque, and poetically beautiful. The audience were roused by this really great and finished display of vocal and histrionic power, to an enthusiasm seldom witnessed at a morning performance, either at a concert-room or in a theatre. That Mdlle. Nilsson has made her mark in Ophelia is as unquestionable as that M. Ambroise Thomas, in meeting with such an Ophelia in France, is a lucky man—hardly less lucky than in finding, among the dramatic singers of "unmusical England," such a Hamlet as Mr. Santley.

About the representation of Meyerbeer's gorgeous and somewhat overwrought *Prophète*, on Saturday night, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi, we can merely state that it resembled more closely a dress rehearsal than a *bona fide* public performance. But, inasmuch as this was the first attempt of Mdlle. Tietjens to portray the character of Fides, it must not be passed over without at least the record of its having taken place, and especially so because, although the music is entirely out of the natural scope of her voice, by the exercise of that art of which she is so consummate a mistress she contrived to sing the whole of it more or less admirably, while her acting throughout was marked by the dramatic power and rare intelligence for which it is justly famed. Nevertheless, such an exceptional "soprano" voice as hers is too precious to be tampered with, and we need scarcely say that a voice which can master with facility the leading parts in *Fidelio* and *Medea* is not the voice for which the music of Fides was written. Mdlle. Tietjens, however, may be accepted as a competent judge of the extent of her own physical resources; and as her performance on Saturday night was assuredly one of a very high order, we decline to judge her prematurely. At the same time we honestly congratulate

Mdlle. Tietjens on the fact that, the season being so near its termination, she will only be called upon to play Fides once again. We should be sorry to answer for the consequences that might ensue after some half-dozen performances of the character. Were it not that in her particular line Mdlle. Tietjens is the very greatest artist on the lyric stage, we should not have ventured upon any such observations. We confess that we would rather lose the *Prophète*, with all its fire and smoke and pageantry, than lose *Fidelio* which depends almost exclusively for effect upon its musical and dramatic interest. The part of Jean of Leyden is not well suited to Signor Mongini, who, moreover, was evidently indisposed. This gentleman is most thoroughly at home in pure Italian opera of the modern period, where his noble voice can be produced with ease and his emphatic expression be allowed full scope; such complicated and in a great degree unvoiced music as that which Meyerbeer has written for the "Prophet" does not lie readily within his means, and he should be content to shine legitimately in his proper sphere, where just now he stands almost alone. Mdlle. Sinico was an excellent Berna; and the other parts, including Oberthal and the three Anabaptists—that of Oberthal in particular—found competent representatives in Signors Tagliafico, Marino, Foli, and Baggiolo. We have heard the choruses and orchestral accompaniments in the *Prophète* to very far greater advantage at Covent Garden; while, on the other hand, the scene on the frozen lake, though as busy and complicated as usual, did not create the old impression; on the contrary, the "encore" to the "pas des patineurs" was obstinately opposed by a large number of the audience—and justly, as we thought, for we never remember it so inefficiently performed. Possibly such adjuncts to operatic effect may have seen their day. Let us hope so—at the Italian Opera, at all events, where genuine singing and acting should be the main attractions. Meyerbeer is dead; and till another Meyerbeer—that is, another man of genius of his peculiar stamp—shall arise, "spectacular opera" may be looked upon as hopeless, for continued novelty is more absolutely indispensable to it than to any other form of the lyric drama. By outdoing Spontini in scenic splendour, and composing music more melodious, expressive, varied, and dramatic than Spontini ever produced, Meyerbeer created "spectacular opera;" but there is now no one to fill his place. He has had many imitators (among others—see *Rienzi*—Herr Wagner himself), but, in his way, no equal.

*Don Giovanni* was repeated on Monday, *Lucia* on Tuesday. On Wednesday, *Rigoletto* was given, with Madame Patti, for the first time in London, as Gilda (of this anon). On Thursday we had the *Prophète*, with Signor Tambrlik as John of Leyden (of this, too, anon). Yesterday there was a miscellaneous performance—acts from *Martha*, *Faust*, and *Hamlet*. These three nights were announced respectively "for the benefits" of Madame Patti, Mdlle. Tietjens, and Mdlle. Nilsson. To-night the coalition season closes with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*—Rosina, Madame Patti.

THE sudden hot weather has produced the usual effect on the Parisian theatres, and their receipts have fallen very short. Open-air concerts are doing great business, and "Musard's" is sometimes so full that there is no room for another "party." Music on a "fashionable" night is an impossibility. Asnières—the Cremorne of Paris—is also giving *fêtes* and doing very well.

ROSSINI AND THE MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—Rossini, for composing the *Barber of Seville*, received not quite eighty pounds, together with a lodging in the house occupied by Signor Luigi Zamboni—the future Figaro. It may be thought that he at least got something for the copyright of the music. He got nothing for the copyright of the music. He did not even take the trouble to get it engraved; and two of the pieces, the overture (for which the overture to *Aureliano in Palmira* was afterwards substituted), and the scene of the Music-lesson (originally treated as a concerted piece), were lost. Rossini wrote his operas for stage representation, and thought no more of their publication by means of the press than did Shakspeare and Molière of the publication of their plays. Indeed, the first appearance of a complete edition of Rossini's operas was to Rossini himself a surprise, and by no means an agreeable one. He had, in fact, enough to do in producing his works; and, practically, had obtained for them all he could get when he had once been paid by the theatre. What he sold to the manager was the right of representation for two years; after which he had no right of any kind in his works. Any one might play them, any one might engrave them. One year after the production of the new opera, the composer had the right to take back the original score from the theatre; and this Rossini sometimes neglected to do, or, in the case of the *Barber*, the two missing pieces would not have been lost. From the publishers who engraved his works, and made large sums of money by selling them, he never, as long as he remained in Italy, received a farthing.—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.



## THE CONDITION OF OPERA IN ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.\*

(Concluded from page 609.)

Let us now take up the next link in the chain.

A sensation-loving, *biased* audience cannot be catered for without vast expense. It would effectually punish any effort to carry on the season by means of a good working company, selected with a view to the exigencies of art alone. To the steady, moderate light of fixed stars, it prefers the fitful brilliancy of a sequence of meteors. Hence the huge companies, maintained at a cost perfectly astounding, and, sooner or later, inevitably ruinous. The number of singers attached to Covent Garden is far beyond artistic requirements, though, no doubt, useful enough as satisfying requirements of another class. Prestige is conferred by the long array, and that variety of personal interest is secured which constitutes the one operatic thing needful. Yet the results are bad. One is, that excellent artists, who might be doing good service elsewhere, fret in comparative idleness, to their own injury not less than that of the public; and another, still more to be considered, crops up in the heavy charges which great expenses involve. Of these, however, the present operatic audience is not likely to complain. Heavy charges preserve opera for the exclusive enjoyment of people who have, or make believe to have, money; and the tenancy of a box or stall thus possesses a peculiar and dearly-prized significance. It is one of the stamps which "society" accepts as conferring a claim upon consideration. A subscriber to the opera is a somebody, and, presumably—else he would not subscribe—owning that without which he must be a nobody. High prices, therefore, belong to the supremacy of opera as a fashionable institution. Abate them, and the whole thing sinks down to the plebeian level of an ordinary theatre. This would be a painful result to many excellent persons, nevertheless abatement is desirable for the benefit of the greater number, who now find themselves driven, through discomfort and conflict, to find a place in attic regions. An observer of the amphitheatre and gallery is not long in discovering what a moderate-price audience would be. He sees the frequenters of those lofty places muster in strongest force to welcome the best operas, marks their keen attention, their quick appreciation, and their judicious—nay, judicial, award of approval or censure. They are the true judges; and well-wishers of the lyric stage, including not a few who tread its boards, would be glad to have their number increased. This, however, cannot be. Your gallery or amphitheatre *habitué* is a person of moderate means. He cannot afford a guinea for a stall (a box is as much out of the question as a seat in the House of Lords), and would think twice before locating himself in that very doubtful quarter, the pit, at the cost of seven shillings. Under the present *régime*, therefore, he must keep aloft and take the slight chance of finding accommodation even there. That this plague of high prices is not absolutely inevitable, there is proof enough. Look, for instance, at the United States, where efficient performances are given at charges absurdly small when compared with those in England, but possible because Transatlantic opera has the general public for its constituents, and the costly arrangements so necessary here are there superfluous.

Another objectionable result of our system is the dress regulation. This form of exclusiveness runs into absurdity, and makes the opera-house ridiculous by sumptuary laws only tolerated in "society" or at Court. The folly of it has been well exposed by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his *History of the Opera*. Supposing a gentleman dressed in exact accordance with the notions of the operatic check-takers, except as to his cravat, which has some spot of colour on it, Mr. Edwards observes:—

"While such an one would be regarded as unworthy to enter the pit of the opera, a waiter from an oyster shop, in his inevitable black and white, reeking with the drippings of shellfish and the fumes of bad tobacco, or a drunken undertaker, fresh from a funeral, coming with the required number of shillings in his dirty hands, could not be refused admission."

The apparition of a frockcoat in boxes or stalls would, under present circumstances, be as alarming as the handwriting on the wall to Belshazzar; as obnoxious as the dead bodies to the courtier who demanded Hotspur's prisoners. What matter that on account thereof all the world laughs? The tail of the dress coat forms one of those lines of demarcation by which opera is cut off from meaner entertainments, and, though in itself ugly, is, in its connection, a glory. English managers are likely to hold on by the tail though the world laugh still more.

Another result of our system is the short time during which opera seems possible in London. Assuming that only "society" can appreciate or support it, this result follows logically enough. When "society" is out of town, the lyric theatres must be shut; and "society" being out

of town for more than half the year. London during that time knows nothing of opera. True, Mr. Malpelson, before he amalgamated with aristocratic Covent Garden, made some desultory experiments upon the 3,000,000 Londoners who are not "society," and found that, with moderate charges and no sumptuary laws, they promptly answered his call. His after-seasons were, however, rather suggestive of dishing-up broken victuals, and counted but little anyway. Yet who can doubt that the 3,000,000 are perfectly able and willing to give any manager who shall meet them on fair terms a remunerative support? To suppose the contrary is to ignore the results of observation, and to assume that Englishmen are indifferent to an art upon which, in all its forms, they spend more money than any nation under the sun.

After the foregoing, I leave the reader to decide whether my starting thesis—that the present condition of opera in England amounts to an anachronism—has been proved. Not without confidence I hope he will see in the system which did well enough a century ago the foundation of much that is discreditable to our art-progress, and unworthy of the high place music holds among us. The objector will probably declare that no other system is possible, without a resort to the Continental plan of a State subvention. Unhappily for him, there is an America, which explodes his argument by the simple logic of facts. The New York managers have no subvention, and yet they contrive to give satisfactory entertainments at prices ranging from one to two dollars. Their entertainment may not suggest Covent Garden extravagance, and the performances fall below the Covent Garden standard; but New York is no place to tolerate meanness and inefficiency.

Before touching upon remedial measures, let me guard against the idea that I dream of the abolition of the system above described. Even if not visited with intermittent flashes of success, men would be found willing to risk their all in satisfying the demand of fashionable London for a fashionable opera. Therefore I urge no reform upon Covent Garden. But I do protest against the disgraceful fact that that establishment monopolizes London opera. There should be in this great city a musical as well as a fashionable lyric temple, with Art for its object, and not *prime donne*; and with lovers of music for its constituents, rather than lovers of sensation. That such a thing is feasible is asserted by no less competent an authority than the musical critic of the *Times*. Here are his words:—

"Nevertheless all this [certain characteristics of Covent Garden] merely tends to establish the more firmly a conviction we have long entertained—that two operas might exist and flourish, provided one of them would devote itself wholly to the production of those masterpieces which of necessity outlive singers, and the other to works best calculated for exhibiting the talents of the accepted *prime donne* of the hour. If an opera-house were vigorously conducted, on the same principles as the Monday Popular Concerts, there could, in our opinion, be small risk of its ultimate success. There is a public in this great metropolis for *Medea* and such like compositions, just as there is a public for the more costly enterprises in which the cherished vocalists take part; and though we might regret never to hear such consummate artists as Madame Patti and Mdlle. Nilsson, in music worthier their abilities than that which they chiefly delight to sing, we should have no objection, from time to time, to enjoy such music as they ignore, or are made to ignore, even without their invaluable co-operation."

Echoing these remarks, I say, popularize the opera, as Mr. Chappell has popularized classical chamber music, and as the Philharmonic Society is trying to popularize itself. Time was when the quartets and symphonies of Beethoven—things above the people—were heard only at assemblies of the select. Now, thanks to intelligent enterprise, the people can and do listen to them gladly. True, this result was not attained without a struggle, and much perseverance; but it *was* attained, and the end has abundantly crowned the work. No equal difficulty would stand in the way of a popularized opera, there being no such need to educate an audience. Nevertheless the change would have to be made on broad and well defined principles, with an earnest purpose, and a determination to succeed. Of these principles it may be worth while to indicate the chief, in briefest terms.

In the first place there should be no preference public to necessitate constant change of performers and things performed. Let the manager be free from obligation to conciliate any one class, and let him have the fullest liberty to act upon the general likings and dislikings. In brief, put him on the same footing as his dramatic brother; and, if he be permitted to run a good thing for a month, he may make compensation by not running a bad one for a night.

In the next place let the art be put at least on equal terms with the artist. No audience will be unjust to the claims of the latter, but a musical audience is likely to insist upon some attention to the former, preferring that works should be selected for intrinsic merit rather than accident agreement with a performer's powers. Under such circumstances a Bottero would have to serve the highest of art purposes, instead of that which is no higher than himself. The arrangement would render impossible, not only *Don Bucefalo*, but also the wearisom

\* From *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1.

repetitions of shallow works chosen because they enable the heroine to "bring down" the house by *tours de force*.

Again, popular opera should avoid superfluous expenditure. For relays of artists beyond what might be necessary to keep up a good working company no demand would arise, while the costly magnificence which has for years absorbed so large a portion of Mr. Gye's receipts might easily be dispensed with. All these things belong to a lavish and artificial *régime*, and have no necessary connection with opera at all. Big companies, an elaborate *mise-en-scène*, and armies of supernumeraries, are to opera what Charles Kean's "upholstery" was to Skakespeare—good enough as a spectacle, but quite superfluous. Reduced expenditure would secure moderate prices, and thus place the opera within reach of a large class now practically debarred from it. Dress must be left to individual good taste, and with sartorial regulations would disappear the last remnant of exclusiveness.

Here, then, is what the musical public of London want—a temple of art as distinct from a temple of fashion, in which neither more nor less is done than art requires, and to which every art lover is welcome without regard to the cut of his coat. That London will eventually boast more than one such place I have no doubt—when, is a matter not so easily decided. The operatic reformer may well pause before entering upon his work, and having entered upon it, may look for discouragement, ridicule, and misrepresentation. But this has been the fate of all reformers, especially of those who at last have gained their ends. As an offset our coming man must know that a large public will welcome him, and that if he stand by them they will stand by him; till popularized opera, like Mr. Chappell's popularized chamber music, becomes an institution.

#### WANTED.

Under the head of Music, there are a good many things wanted. We should like to see, for example, a public having more general regard for our divine art itself and less for its accidental connections; a public worshipping the Muse for her own sake, and not going into raptures over the dress she may happen to wear. The signs are not healthy when a pianist's muscles or contortions, and a singer's high C or pretty face, have greater attraction than their owner's real capacity. Assuredly we want a more widely discriminating public. So, again, there is room for, and need of, artists whose pride in their work is, at least, equal to their pride in themselves; artists with souls above clap-trap and catchpenny dodges, and who, therefore, have a higher standard of action than money-making, or the hunting of popularity at the expense of art. Once more, we want—but the catalogue of wants is a long one, and it behoves us to come at once to the special subject of this article. Here it is then:—We want another operahouse.

Putting this matter upon very general grounds, there is something ridiculous to the point of absurdity in the idea of 3,000,000 Londoners with but one lyric theatre. We know very well—by "we" are meant all who have given the subject even casual consideration—that in this great metropolis there are lovers of opera enough to support not one but three houses, provided they be wisely conducted. Of course, if every operahouse is necessarily managed after the Covent Garden system, with its extravagant outlay, enormous prices, and general disregard of everything but ministering to the whims of fashion, then our solitary lyric theatre is all we expect, for not even wealthy London can afford a second establishment. Happily there is no such necessity, opera having but an adventitious connection with huge companies and sumptuous upholstery. Covent Garden, therefore, represents to the needs of the surrounding 3,000,000 what the loaves and fishes did to the hungry crowd ready to fall upon and devour them. But, in any case, we ought to be ashamed of our solitary operahouse; we, who resent the charge of being an "unmusical nation," and protest that the art has with us its fair proportion of votaries. What do they think of us abroad when it is said that in the "metropolis of the world" (or, for the matter of that, in the entire three kingdoms), there is only one lyric theatre? What can they think but that we are lagging in the rear of civilization, so far as music is concerned, satisfying ourselves with the coarser pleasures which lie nearer to barbarism. That this is unjust we know; but its injustice supplies another reason why something should be done towards wiping out the reproach from among us.

But, leaving general considerations for others more particular, the first coalition season at Covent Garden has been one of bitter disappointment to those who expected any good from it. There were people thus sanguine, who represented to themselves that, as monopoly, like property, possesses duties as well as rights. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson would respect those duties by striving to satisfy the legitimate wants of the multitude dependent upon them, and that the united strength of the two managers would enable them to do what, separately, neither could dream of attaining. Such trust in human nature is a pleasant thing to meet with because of its Edenic freshness. It must, however, be a disappointing quality. In point of fact the Royal Italian Opera season has been, under its dual management, less satisfactory than ever. From the first, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson showed that, think what they might about privileges, their notions of duty were not conspicuous for strength. In the prospectus nothing was promised but a host of singers; and, though two new works have actually been produced, there is good reason to believe they

were brought out, not for the sake of public gratification, but to ensure the aid of certain artists. Apart from these novelties—one of them, Heaven save the mark! was *Don Bucefalo*—what is there satisfactory to look back upon so far as the season has yet gone? Next to nothing. Classical opera, for example, has been ignored to an extent never before known. True, *Fidelio* was given once or twice when the season was in its infancy, and since then *Don Giovanni* has often been performed. About the latter, however, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson will hardly boast, since no representation of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* could easily be worse. As for other great masterpieces of the lyric drama it is enough to say that not a bar of *Le Nozze* has been heard in Covent Garden since the coalition began. Instead thereof we have had *Lucia*, *Faust*, and a few others of the same stamp, to a degree intolerably wearisome but for the charms, artistic and personal, of two ladies upon whom the managers seem to reckon as balancing every deficiency in other respects. So much for the advancement of art under a monopoly.

As regards the character of the performances at Covent Garden let us say at once that it has been no improvement upon the past. We may, however, go further, and declare it a manifest falling off. Apart from a few leading artists, whom we need not mention by name, the company is made up of those who are no better than mediocrities in their respective ranks; while it cannot have escaped notice how not these alone have played in a half-hearted manner, bordering upon slovenliness. In fact, we have seen the "star system" in full force on the boards of our one lyric theatre—here and there a giver of light shining from out a crowd of scarcely luminous asteroids. The materials of the chorus are good, but they made up better when the season began than now. We wonder if the principle of duality extends to their management, and if there are two chorus-masters each undoing the other's work? That this is the case with regard to the orchestra every body knows. What it was once the fashion to call the "splendid band" of the Covent Garden has at last fallen upon evil days. Now, it is controlled by one who is a master of his craft, and now, by one upon whose indentures the ink is scarcely dry, with results as inevitable as lamentable. Let somebody write "Ichabod" over the entrance to Covent Garden orchestra, for surely the glory is departed. This being the result of coalition and monopoly we may well demand another operahouse. The need is making itself felt all around, and, in turn, the feeling is making itself apparent. We see, for example, the press (especially that portion which is free to speak) growing more and more bold in its complainings, while on every hand rumours fly about pointing to next year with significant finger. We look, then, for a second opera with confidence, and are anxious only as to the precise character it may assume. Upon this a good deal might be said, for which we must be satisfied to refer the reader to an article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The purport of that article may, however, be stated, and we cannot do it better than by reprinting the following from the *Times*:—

"Two operas might exist and flourish, provided one of them would devote itself wholly to the production of those masterpieces which of necessity outlive singers, and the other to works best calculated for exhibiting the talents of the accepted *prime donne* of the hour. If an operahouse were vigorously conducted on the same principles as the Monday Popular Concerts there could be small risk of its ultimate success. There is a public in this great metropolis for *Medea* and such like compositions, just as there is a public for the more costly enterprises in which the cherished vocalists take part; and though we might regret never to hear such consummate artists as Madame Patti and Madlle. Nilsson in music worthier their abilities than that which they chiefly delight to sing, we should have no objection from time to time to enjoy such music as they ignore, or are made to ignore even without their invaluable co-operation."

The suggestion of our contemporary is just that which was needed to give an impetus to public feeling on the matter. We have no doubt that the Covent Garden directors are as pleased with it as we are ourselves; since, if there must be another opera, they would rather that which runs in a different groove to their own. So would we, emphatically. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have their public for whom they cater more or less well; a public quite content to look upon "the accepted *prime donne* of the hour," and entertain only the smallest possible regard for masterpieces of any sort. These people have a right to enjoy themselves in their own way, and nobody will harbour a wish to interfere with what is done in their interests. Our contemporary pleads, however, and we are with him in doing so, on behalf of that greater and more art-loving public now so neglected. For these a second opera should be established upon conditions suited to their wants. There must be no emulating Covent Garden in the matter of *prima donna* shows, stage magnificence, high prices, and dress restrictions. All such things belong, not to art, but to fashion, and have come into existence in obedience to fashionable requirement. The public "for *Medea* and such like compositions" will best be suited by good music in the hands of a good working company, given in a theatre to which access can be had for a moderate sum, and at the doors of which there are no sartorial inquisitors, who, with legalized impudence, decide the visitor's right to enter. This is the Opera we want, and which, sooner or later, we shall have. The idea may be scoffed at now, just as, ten years ago, men were found to ridicule the notion of getting a shilling public to hear Beethoven's quartets and sonatas. Ridicule, however, is no argument, and, even if it were, argument in this case could not stop the march of events. The taste for good operatic music is spreading, and the time must inevitably come when opera will be established, not to supply a fashionable lounge, or to tickle the ears of sensation-mongers, but to gratify a legitimate desire for art in one of its noblest forms. For hastening that time let Messrs. Gye and Mapleson be thanked.

THADDEUS EGG.

## MORE ABOUT THE BOSTON FESTIVAL.

Our friend *Watson* thus notices the now historic "Anvils":—

"The eagerness of the public to hear the great popular success of the Festival, the 'Anvil Chorus,' exhibited itself even before the firemen, hammers in hand, filed down the stage, in feverish applause, which burst out into a roar, when the first red shirt appeared. The anvil strikers seemed delighted with their part of the performance, and appeared fully impressed with its importance. Ranged on either side of the conductor, Mr. Gilmore, they timed their stroke to his beat with perfect precision. The strokes were alternate, fifty men on the right hand and fifty on the left. Mr. Gilmore adopted a novel style of beat, marking the time with both hands. As his right hand fell, down came the right hammers; as his left hand fell, down came the left hammers, and all with so little deviation from exactness, that only the *Tribune* critic's ear could distinguish the faintest variation. The tones of the anvils were apparently about a fifth apart, their respective weights being somewhere about 80 pounds and 120 pounds. The effect of the clang was perfectly indescribable; it was neither tearing nor piercing, pleasing nor displeasing; it was simply exciting and curious, creating a desire to hear it over again, without any defined reason why. When the eleven thousand voices joined in with the orchestra, the organ, the anvils and the cannons, the combination was so powerful, so quaint in its contrast, so noisy and yet so completely dominated by the music, that it fairly took one's breath away, and we freely forgave the glaring anomalies for the sake of the daring novelty. Of course it gained a furious and imperative encore."

The hit at oppo-tition critics in the above is followed up *apropos* of Madame Parpa and "The Star-spangled Banner."

"Madame Parepa-Rosa's appearance again aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, and as her voice rang out in our national anthem, 'The Star-spangled Banner,' which seemed grander than ever, through her emphatic and spirited utterance, the enthusiasm intensified, and peal after peal of applause greeted her efforts and demanded a repetition. This great solo display, combined with all the resources of chorus, orchestra, and organ, presented a rendering of our national anthem in a manner that has never been approached in grandeur, majesty, and sublimity of power since America has had a national existence. The great and profound writers upon musical art in this country—great, because they are permitted to parade their magnificent ignorance in the columns of powerful daily papers, and are backed up by the proprietors, more ignorant of art than the writers they employ—may affect to look down upon such a performance as the last we have described; but we believe that if the great creators of music of the Old World, which these men only know by name, could have heard that simple tune, given as it was given on the 17th of June, they would have felt their blood stirred as it was never stirred before, and would have wept tears of joy at the mighty scope and the revealed grandeur of musical sound."

The *Tribune's* critic, "J. S. D.," seems to have been the *l'été noir* of the Festival. He was mobbed in Massachusetts, and is thus assailed by *Watson*:—

"'Twas D——, the great critic, who growled on alone;  
He found none to join him, not even one;  
But still, like a patriarch mourning his flock,  
He boldly stood forward, encountering the shock  
Of ridicule—knowing that he 'twas who brought  
Great Beethoven up with a spoon, and who taught  
That Handel was great upon fugues—that, in short,  
He knew more than all the world else could, or ought.  
He vetoed the Festival—called it a hum—  
From the great 'Hallelujah' down to the drum;  
He roared out that anvils and cannon and all  
The ten thousand voices, would end in a bawl.  
So, Dogberry-like, it thus came to pass,  
The great critic, D——, wrote himself down an a—."

After this our readers may like to hear the "a—" speak. Here, then, is his notice of the Schubert symphony:—

"Then came Part II., the great Schubert symphony in C, Mr. Zerrahn's capital selection for his grand orchestra: great hopes had been placed on that, for what symphonic work can bear such magnified pre-eminence, if not that work? Alas! the Tantalus cup was rudely snatched away. The symphony was to be sacrificed; the other element, fasting from native noise, and anvils, and free swing of hurrah, boys! had grown irrepresible. To the brave President all music is alike, they say, and how easy for some one of the irrepresibles to prompt him to express a wish for good Spread-Eagle Scream with anvils! So into the programme, unannounced, and right before the symphony, were thrust bodily, 'Star-spangled Banner,' and 'Anvil Chorus,' once and again, until the building shook with thunder of applause; all mood for finer music was destroyed, all fine conditions broken up, Prospero Schubert's wand tossed under feet. The symphony was killed! knocked on the head by anvils! The wand, however, was picked up and waved for form's sake. But it had grown late; people were weary, restless, moving about, or starting homeward, talking aloud,

in no mood to listen or let others hear; so the first movement and the *scherzo* were omitted; the beautiful *endante* (of the 'heavenly length') was scarcely heard, and never did the impetuous sublime *finale*, with the thunder thumps of double basses (think of 70 or 80 of them!) sound so feebly. Were we right in the suspicion that the 'classical' programmes were apologetic, meant to be like the 'off-nights' in a theatre, a compliment to musical taste, while the substantial meal was for the fire-eaters, the sensationalists who go forth 'seeking a sign?' Good Mr. Zerrahn's best opportunity was frustrated; he could not try the effect of monster orchestra on this chosen symphony. How much more satisfactory it may have been in the rehearsal, we do not know. Poor chance after this for Haydn choruses: 'The Marvellous Work,' and 'The Heavens are telling;' for, sing as they might to an audience pre-occupied, it still went, 'The anvils are telling.' The selected trio of a dozen solo singers on each part was very pleasing when it could be heard; but there was much floundering in the great chorus, and what was most 'telling,' as was just said, was retrospective and subjective: the chords those hammers set to vibrating were still undamped."

The school-children melted the mood of this leonine roarer, and he thus sentimentalized ament them:—

"It was on Saturday morning, the school-children's day, that we were touched and made to feel for once. The charming scene, the innocent, pure spirit of the whole, the fresh, sweet, silvery voices of the 7,000 children, admirably true and blended in three-part song and unison, their own expressions of delight, their waving of handkerchiefs, and silvery shouts of applause, the kaleidoscopic unity of movement in their physical and vocal gymnastic exercises, all combined to make an exquisite impression. It was good to be there. It meant much for the future and for culture. It was not an art occasion, to be sure, and did not pretend to be. It was unique, a side of the Festival entirely by itself; the most genuine and sincere of all, and, in many respects, the most interesting. The beauty of it was that it did not pretend or strive to be anything but just what it was. But when the exercises came to measured breathing, then to the first utterance of a pure tone, swelling and dying away with the most beautiful *crescendo* and *diminuendo* that we ever heard, and finally to the blended tones of the trichord, purity itself, like the white ray of 'holy light' divided by the prism, we were fain to call that just the most exquisite moment of the whole week's Festival. Simple, but divine; impersonal, but alive; without conscious meaning, but implying all! And, after such an illustration as the whole Jubilee had given of the musical resources of our people, was it not worth while to see the nursery where the seeds thereof are sown?"

Finally we show the "long-legged" as a philosopher:—

"Certain pieces were far more successful, as we have seen, than others. Generally, the grave, slow chorals sounded best. Strange to say, and contrary to all we could have looked for, not Handel's choruses, not even the great 'Hallelujah,' still less the choruses by Haydn, made the great effects. The chorals by Mendelssohn, his 'Rain' chorus, and 'He watching over Israel,' made a far more vivid, more complete, impression. Does it possibly point to the conclusion, after all, that, of the two great branches of the Protestant religious music—led off respectively by Bach, who built entirely on the choral, and Handel, who came to oratorio from a long experience in opera—that, after all, the Bach direction, upon which Mendelssohn has built, has in it the greater capacity of expansion, a principle more universal and far-reaching, as if springing from a deeper root? I merely offer the conjecture."

The conjecture is good. Let "J. S. D." follow it up, meanwhile avoiding Massachusetts.

## TONIC SOL-FA PRETENSIONS.

(From the "Musician.")

A request boldly put to the Government by the promoters of this system of printing and teaching music called the Tonic Sol-fa method—that their plan should be admitted in National Schools—and recognized as a teaching of music for the purposes of the Educational Code—deserves a notice which is not often given to the claims put forward from the same quarter. The musical profession in England are too little conscious of any inroad made upon the standard notation to have troubled themselves hitherto with the assertions of the earnest and able but fanciful men who imagine that a complicated art-language is to be learnt more easily in one alphabet than in another: when, however, claims are put forward in official quarters such as those urged by the recent Tonic Sol-fa deputation on the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, it seems time to abandon a policy of silent disregard.

The Tonic Sol-faists, many of our readers may know, are a body of men, chiefly connected with Nonconformity and the education of the lowest classes, who adopt, as a means of printing and teaching music, a series of symbols in which pitch is ignored, and scale relationship expressed irrespectively of the gravity or acuteness of the keynote. Thus, "God save the Queen" would be shown in five or six different keys, by the same signs, the actual pitch or key being



indicated by a preliminary intimation, "Key A," "Key G," or "Key F," as the case may be. Various advantages are claimed for this method by its supporters, who usually allude to the system so familiar to the rest of the musical world as "the old notation, and not unfrequently disclose a belief that this "old notation" has been seriously encroached upon by the growth of their own plan, and is certainly destined, in time, to be superseded by it. In this happy confidence we might be content to leave them without remark, were it not quite within the bounds of possibility that silence on the part of the musical profession might be taken, in the presence of such a prominent self-assertion as the Tonic Sol-faists have just made, to imply acquiescence in the pretensions they put forward.

A first question asked in dealing with this matter ought to be: In what respect does the standard notation fail in its purpose? Its immense prevalence, its coincidence with civilization itself, ought to give it a claim, at least, not to be lightly disturbed. The main charges brought against it, we believe, by the Tonic Sol-fa, and other ists—for musical dissent, as well as theological, is many-headed—are two. There is first the theoretical objection that it is not based upon key-relationship; and secondly, it is averred as a practical consideration that children cannot be so easily taught to sing by it as by a tonic notation.

As regards the idea that the tonic system of notation is truer to the facts of music, in basing itself upon key-relationship, we may remark that it seems to have been lost sight of by the Tonic Sol-faists that if key-relationship is a fact, pitch is another. A notation which ignores pitch is surely open to the charge of theoretical imperfection. The standard notation, moreover, not only definitely, by its every jot and tittle, expresses that actual pitch which is so paramount an element in musical effect, but it expresses, whatever may be said to the contrary, the same facts of key-relationship as the notation which is put forward as theoretically superior. It seems to be assumed by many adherents of the new method, that singers from the standard notation read music by intervals from note to note. There may be those who do this, but we believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of a chorus, say at the Handel Festivals, read as much from mental reference to key as any Tonic Sol-faist. And in doing this they are not hindered, but helped, by the fact that the key-note falls in a position on the stave which indicates its pitch, and thus serves to keep alive the mental reference to it. Certainly no thoughtful chorist, capable of mentally grasping the relationship of sounds to their tonic, fails to feel out key-relationship in the end; we think, indeed, it would be difficult to go through the first part of Mr. Hullah's book of instruction without acquiring, consciously or unconsciously, the same habit of mental reference to the tonic as is more directly taught in the Tonic Sol-fa system.

As regards the claim that youthful learners find a tonic notation easier than the standard method, we are at a loss to conceive its possibility. In the one case we have a series of seven symbols standing as a line of print, and indicating the various degrees of a scale by difference of shape; in the other we have one symbol placed in seven different positions on a ladder, and indicating the degrees of the scale by difference of position. That the former should prove more comprehensible than the latter is simply incredible.

Let us pass on to another stage. Having mastered the scale in a tonic system, the learner, it may be assumed, can sing simple tunes in any key equally well, the notation he follows being absolutely irrespective of key. At a corresponding stage, the learner of the ordinary notation stumbles, it may be thought, at a disadvantage. Not in the least. Express in the key of C, with standard notation, all the tunes which the Tonic Sol-faist can sing, and it is obvious that the ordinary pupil will render them just as easily, having been given the pitch which may be required to place the tune in its actual key. The one, in fact, will find no possible difficulty which will not occur in the path of the other, and both have acquired precisely the same power.

There is coming, however, a time of trouble for both. In the standard notation the pupil must learn to substitute other notes than C for the foundation of his scale, while the follower of the new method, at the first piece of music which takes a decided turn in modulation must also shift his standard, or lose sight altogether of that key-relationship which is supposed to be his special pole-star. Much is made by the adherents of the Tonic Sol-fa system of their success in teaching small people a quantity of small music; but there is a skeleton in the cupboard, and let those who doubt it call for and duly scan for a few minutes the contrivance called by the followers of the new method a "modulator." We challenge any competent person to say whether the difficulty in the standard notation of learning to look upon other notes than C as keynotes is or is not greater than that of mastering the many complications which come into requisition in tonic systems directly the learner has to grapple with music which involves modulation.

The truth of the whole matter is probably this. The mental effort of learning music thoroughly is equal on any system of notation,

taking it all in all, but it may be possible in some measure to discount progress by a process which has to be paid for afterwards. Under this view it may be admitted that to give a stupid boy a smattering of music there is perhaps nothing like the Tonic system. In saying this we would guard ourselves emphatically against being supposed to imply that a smattering is a characteristic of the Tonic Sol-fa teachers. So far is this from being the case that we believe more thorough graspers of the significance of musical notation than the leading men who have gathered round Mr. Curwen are not to be found. They teach with a zeal and completeness which we have more than once had occasion to mention with admiration. More of their success is due to these qualities, we think, and to the admirable methodical way in which their curriculum has been laid out, than to anything which may be found in the system they use.

Much has been said of the typographical convenience of the Tonic Sol-fa tongue. It is, however, generally overlooked that the specimens of the new symbols which we see are for the most part representations of simple compositions. In presenting four-part voice music to the eye, no doubt the new alphabet has the advantage in conciseness; but how will the matter stand in representing music for the orchestra? Possibly there may still remain a saving of paper to be placed to the credit of the innovators. In connection with this point, we admit, we are not prepared to state how far towards the complete representation of instrumental music Mr. Curwen and his supporters have succeeded in carrying their plan; we have, however, grave suspicion that the difficulties which gather in this direction are practically insuperable, and that in this point as in teaching, if anything is gained at first by the new notation, it has to be paid for in the end.

To give an official sanction to the Tonic or any other than the catholic method of noting music we do not hesitate to say, then, would be a most uncalled for step on the part of the Educational Committee. We utterly doubt its alleged simplicity, taken as a whole; and we believe that the results so emphatically claimed for it are the results not of a superior system, but of the zeal of neophytes, and the wisdom with which that zeal is directed by the leaders of the movement. But even if we grant that the method which has just taken so aggressive an attitude is an effectual contrivance for discounting progress in learning to sing—this being open, as we have already said, to more than doubt—the Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education should pause, we think, before, for the sake of a supposed gain in giving National schoolboys a smattering of psalmody, he assists in inflicting the curse of Babel on the only existing language which has the slightest claim to be called universal.

MUNICH.—After the last performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, the King sent a message, expressing his perfect satisfaction, to the management, principal artists, and chorus. Besides this, he presented Madame Vogl with a bracelet, and Herr Vogl with a breast pin.—By an order of the King, the birthdays of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, will in future be celebrated every year at the Theatre Royal by gala performances. The Theatre Royal is now closed for the first time "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," as the performances in summer have always proved more advantageous for the treasury than those at any other season, on account of the great number of strangers visiting the city. But Herr Wagner's ambition disregards such petty considerations, and consequently the building is closed for the alterations in the stage which are required by the Musician of the Future. Everything is to be ready by the 25th August, the King's birthday, when *Das Rheingold*, the prelude to the *Nibelungen-trilogie*, will be produced, no matter with what efforts or at what expense. Our readers may imagine how utterly sick the singers are of this Wagner worship. On the 28th August, the statue of Goethe will be uncovered, and three of his pieces, *Iphigenia*, *Torquato Tasso*, and the first part of *Faust* (the latter as a gratuitous performance) will be played on three successive evenings. In order that the members of the band may not find their leisure time hang too heavily upon their hands, Gluck's overture, with Herr R. Wagner's conclusion, will be given with *Iphigenia*, and Liszt's respective "Sinfonische Dichtungen" to the two other pieces. This will be done at the particular recommendation of Herr von Bulow, for which, of course, the members of the band bless him. It is true that the "Sinfonische Dichtung," *Faust*, was composed expressly to Lenau's poem and not to Goethe's, but what does that matter, if Herr Hans von Bulow sees a chance of glorifying his friend the *Abbate*? It appears, however, that Herr von Bulow has really and truly made up his mind to resign his official position here, despite all the efforts of his Royal patron to dissuade him from his purpose. It is said that he intends settling in Wiesbaden.—Mlle. Virginie Gungl (daughter of the well-known composer of dance music), who appeared successfully last year in *Der fliegende Holländer*, is engaged at the Theatre Royal from next September. Since her *début* she has been studying singing very hard.

## MARRIAGES.

On July 10th, at Islington, by the Rev. J. Cunningham Geikie, EBENEZER WARD, of Theberton Street, to EMMA PRICE, organist of Islington Chapel.

On July 14th, at the parish church of St. Nicholas, Brighton, the Rev. FREDERICK SCOTSON CLARK, M.B., of Exeter College, Oxford, curate of St. Michael's, Lewes, to CATHERINE ELIZA, youngest daughter of the late James Cowley Brown, Esq., B.C.S.

## DEATH.

On July 10th, at his residence in the Opera Arcade, Mr. J. SWIFT, the well-known tenor singer.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—“Awake, awake, the flowers unfold,” song, by J. McMurdie  
“Marguerite,” ballad, and “Scherzo,” pour piano par Marian Buels.  
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—“Guirlandes de Mai,” hymns, by Wilhelm Schulthes.  
“The Organist's Quarterly Journal” for July.

## NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

## “FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.”

TO-NIGHT, the Italian Opera shuts its doors (to be re-opened how and when?) and the musical season of 1869 dies. Peace to its ashes; for in life, and on the whole the thing was not bad. Like the image which Nebuchadnezzar the dreamer saw, it had brass in the make-up of it—a deal of brass let us say, mindful of good things well done by many in various quarters. True, there was also clay; here and there thick clay, obstructive clay, disfiguring clay. But so it must be as times go, and we repeat *Pax vobiscum*, “while the trailing mantle” of the departing season vanishes round the corner. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*—and we turn from the just gone past to the just coming future, forgetting that which has been in prospect of that which will be. So the provincial festivals are before us—“benefit” concerts and the Siamese opera behind us. We like the position, even in full view of Mr. Pierson's unlimbered *Hezekiah*.

There is promise of the new at Norwich and eke at Worcester. Do we hail the promise either in East-Anglia or Mercia? Not heartily, for the new—by a chain of proofs—is not, therefore, settled as the good. Yet we hail it, since the new means life that brings forth; life that *might* bring forth a rare thing. Even without the chance of this, let us have such life. It is better than barrenness.

What do we look for at Norwich? Item:—An overture by Benedict, descriptive, programme-ific, telling, in its own way, what has been before told in other ways. Our faith is pinned to the veteran, and when he speaks we listen, because reward is sure. Let Benedict say on. Item:—A *cantata*, dealing with sacred things, by Hill. We know not Hill, and his *cantata* may be as great as our ignorance. The “may-be” will make us hear with ears alert. Now it is revealed to us that Hill dwells in East Anglia. So much the more will his possible success be welcome if it come. Dr. Zachariah Buck has long reigned without an heir-apparent,—poor Bexfield being dead, and Pierson abroad.

Item:—Portions of *Hezekiah*, by the Pierson just named. We bear *Jerusalem* in mind, and expect as much. Moreover, we have just seen a something called a “Song of the Reapers,” by Pierson, from which Heaven defend us. The “song” has neither rhythm nor tune—only incoherence. What a poor look-out for *Hezekiah* results. A sign was once given to the old Jewish king:—the shadow on the sun-dial, in his garden, went back. Behold an omen of ill! Pierson's fame is as yet but a shadow;—what, if it should go back, and, with it, the substance a few keen-eyed people think they see; but which has never yet come within the average field of vision. Anyhow, there will be fuss over *Hezekiah*, and the East-Anglian mind will be moved thereby. There will be fuss, moreover, in the retreats of obscure London journalism, where poems in honour of Pierson have long been sung, as the early Roman Christians sang hymns in the catacombs. Item:—A *scena* cycled *Medea*, by Alberto Randegger, a thing of promise; and, item, a Mozartian serenade never yet heard in England, but sure to be hailed whether good or no, Mozart could write nothing bad. This is what we expect at Norwich. Turn we to Worcester.

We look for one thing at Worcester,—the *Prodigal Son* of Arthur Sullivan, who, so it is said, has been writing marriage anthems for marrying marquises instead of doing work for fame. Does Arthur Sullivan mean himself to be a prodigal son of his divine art-mother? Let him look to it, and not “waste his substance” in high-life epithalamiums, which bring not hing but hollow thanks and “condescending” patronage. He has the power to work and plenty of work to do. We say, therefore:—into the wilderness, and do it, feeding, if need be, on locusts and wild honey. Better that than to wax feeble and waste time. But the *Prodigal Son* may be already achieved after “strong crying and tears.” Good, if it be, for there is stuff in the worker, such as we cannot see thrown away. Do we look for more at Worcester? No; but already we have enough in view. What if these “fresh fields and pastures new” give the scantiest herbage? Thus far they look green only in patches.

THADDEUS EGG.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

SIR,—Having been challenged by a local contributor to the *Musical Standard* to give an opinion as to whether the Oxford examiners in music ought not to insist upon a candidate's knowledge of Cramer's Sonatas, in connection with musical history, I thought proper to state my views on the subject; but the one half of the enclosed letter having been suppressed by the *Musical Standard*, I should feel obliged if you would give it publicity in the *Musical World*.—Yours truly, R. SLOMAN.

[Copy of Letter.]

“WELSHPOOL, July 7th, 1869.

“SIR,—In reply to the *Musical Standard*, I beg to say, first of all, that I am not led away by any vague personalities from the original question, which was simply this: ought the musical examiners at Oxford to insist upon a candidate's knowledge of Cramer's Sonatas, as part of musical history? I repeat, it is utter nonsense to suppose it. If the question be asked—a not unlikely one—What do you know of the history of the *sonata*?—the candidate would, I presume, state as clearly and as concisely as possible—this being only one subject out of many others—its first most effective form by Emmanuel Bach, one of the sons of the great Sebastian, and how it was at length brought to the greatest possible perfection by the genius of Beethoven. Not many names in all would be given, and certainly not that of Cramer.

“The comparison made by the *Musical Standard* between Mr. Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, and Cramer, is amusing, but not very apt. Mr. Scott, I believe, confines himself principally to that branch of architecture for which he appears to have special talent. Cramer was evidently aware of his own speciality, and devoted himself chiefly, not to the composing or ‘reproducing’ of sonate or sonatine, but to those charming *Etudes* for the pianoforte for which he is so justly celebrated, and to which I alluded in my first reply to you—Yours truly,

R. SLOMAN, Mus. Doc.”

[J. B. Cramer composed both concertos and sonatas, which are now only known to bookworms, and are never again very likely to interest ordinary lovers of music. The art has grown out of them.—A. S. S.]



## MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT WEYMOUTH.

(From the "Southern Times and Dorsetshire Herald," July 10.)

A crowded audience greeted Arabella Goddard on her first appearance in Weymouth on Tuesday last, and the fine Assembly Room of the Royal Hotel looked its best, filled as it was with the most distinguished families and visitors of the town and neighbourhood, who had assembled to do homage to the greatest pianist of the day. The very first notes of Mozart's sonata in B flat, which commenced the programme, revealed the fact that the listeners were in the presence of genius, and that the great master had in Madame Goddard a fitting exponent of his grace and wondrous beauty. The perfection exhibited in the brilliant *allegro*, the faultless pathos apparent in the expressive *andante*, and the exquisite delicacy manifest in the concluding *rondo*, found delighted appreciation in all parts of the room, and the unanimous applause that resounded on every side was an unmistakable testimony of the extent to which the artist had wrought upon the feelings of her auditory. Miss Annie Edmonds followed with Benedict's song, "Rock me to sleep," which she rendered in a pleasing style. Madame Goddard's performance of a selection from Mendelssohn's Eighth Book of "Songs without Words," was the next striking feature of the programme, and, like her previous piece, astonished and pleased all present; more especially was her excellence brought out in the *adagio* and *presto* (in C) of the piece, wherein effects were produced that until then the hearer had never dreamed the piano could be made to portray. Passages commencing with enchanting delicacy and culminating in a torrent of brilliancy like the full tide of song came like a surprise on the ears of the gratified audience, and took all by storm. The Swedish Winter-song by Miss Edmonds succeeded and was well received. The first part terminated with a grand *duo* for two pianofortes, by Madame Goddard and Mr. T. Avant. The music was by Osborne (on *Faust*). This was greatly relished by the company, who were unanimous in recalling the accomplished artists. It was an admirable display of instrumental skill, and distinguished by wonderful accuracy as well as brilliancy. It is certainly what is popularly termed a "feather in the cap" of Mr. Avant that he was able to come out triumphantly from so severe an ordeal as must have been this "passage of arms" with one who owns no superior in the musical lists.

The second part of the programme opened with a song by Miss Edmonds, "Mabel's reason why," composed by Mr. Avant. The melody does honour to the composer's genius. It is exceedingly pleasing, and has evident marks of originality and talent. The song is doubtless destined to be a favourite in the drawing-room and the concert-hall. We must, however, be permitted to regret that the music is not wedded to better words than the vapid nonsense of which it is at present the vehicle. It created a great sensation, however, on Tuesday night, and was encored with every mark of satisfaction and approval. The next piece was Beethoven's grand sonata in D—the so-called *Pastorale*—by Madame Goddard, undoubtedly her *chef d'œuvre*. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the performance. It realized the poet's words—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it was an angel's song,  
That bids the heavens be mute."

The poetry and the passion that glowed throughout every movement are indescribable, and, much as we have been impressed with this glorious composition on other occasions, we were never made so thoroughly aware of its grandeur and beauty as when interpreted by this accomplished executant. Miss Edmonds created a decided impression in her singing of Arne's delicious song, "When daisies pied," and gained a well-deserved encore. The *finale* was a fantasia on airs from *Der Freischütz*, composed expressly for Madame Arabella Goddard by Benedict. This was beautifully adapted to display the lady's powers, as it gave scope for the graceful elegance, the faultless expression, and the daring vigour which are her eminent characteristics; and these essential qualities to a perfect pianist were never more amply exhibited. The great success of the recital will, we hope, induce Madame Goddard to favour us with a repetition of so unexampled a treat.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An evening concert was given recently by Mr. W. H. Davies's choir at Store Street Rooms, assisted by Misses Lily Simester, Ellen Saunders, and Mr. Bush. In the first part of Haydn's *Creation* the choruses on the whole were fairly rendered, the "Marvellous Work" deserving especial notice. The solo was sung by Miss Lily Simester in a most effective manner, and the audience insisted on its repetition. Miss Simester was equally successful in "Tell me, my Heart," which elicited a unanimous recall, in response to which "Within a mile of Edinburgh" was substituted. Miss Saunders in "Beautiful Summer" and "The Blind Girl to her Harp," earned a fair share of applause. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Bird, played well; while Miss Elizabeth Stirling's pianoforte solo and accompaniments were all that could be desired. Mr. W. H. Davies conducted with ability. The concert was attended by a large audience.

MISS KATE GORDON, a clever young pianist of whom we have frequently spoken in well deserved terms of praise, gave her annual concert on Saturday week, in Hanover Square Rooms. The list of distinguished patrons was a long one, and the attendance proportionately good. Miss Gordon played, in the first instance, a *Lied ohne Worte* (No. 4, Book 6), a Chopin *Valse*, and a *Tarantelle* by Langton Williams. Her next effort was in Beethoven's trio for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, assisted by Mr. Lazarus and Herr Lidel. This, of course, was a far more severe test of ability than the small pieces which preceded it. The test was well endured, however, and advanced Miss Gordon's claims to the rank of a classical pianist. A similar result followed her playing (with Mr. Reynolds, whose cornet tried hard to do the work of the proper instrument) of a Beethoven duet. To show her power of mere display Miss Gordon selected Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Faust*—a good thing for its purpose. She was loudly applauded after each effort, but not more loudly than her performance deserved. The young concert-giver had able assistance. Herr Oberthür, for example, played two of his own brilliant harp solos, besides (with Miss Gordon) a harp and piano duet on themes from *Oberon*. Among the vocalists were Miss Palmer, who sang Sullivan's "Will he come?" Miss Geraldine Somers, Miss Annie Buckland, Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. Charles Stanton, and Mr. Renwick. Mr. Joseph Eldred was also present, and gave a capital recitation of "My Lord Tomnoddy." The accompanists were Herr Lehmeier and Mr. Emile Berger.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN gave a concert—one of much and varied interest—at 3, Onslow Gardens (Lady Anstruther's), on Friday week. Miss Stocken took a prominent part in what was done; her first solo, "The Echo Song," by Guglielmo, being followed successively by Costa's "Maker of every Star" (*Naaman*), "La ci darem" (with Mr. F. Penna), Ophelia's grand scene from *Hamlet*, and Ganz's "Forget me not." All these she sang with much effect, but the greatest impression was made by her rendering of Ophelia's music to the able accompaniment of Miss Madeline Schiller. Miss Stocken gave this with much intelligence, and not less expressive power. We believe it had never before been attempted by an English artist, and Miss Stocken deserves credit for successfully making a bold venture. It is needless to say that she was loudly applauded. Other features of the concert were the pianoforte playing of Signor Tito Mattei and Miss Madeline Schiller, a solo for concertina by Mr. Blagrove, and the vocal efforts of Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Alice Fairbairn, and others. Mr. W. H. Cummings also sang, and was much applauded for a more than usually excellent rendering of "O ma maitresse" and "Only." The music was agreeably relieved by recitations. Mr. D. D. Home gave the "Vagabonds" and "Widow Bedott," while Miss Glyn read, in her own impressive style, Ophelia's mad scenes from *Hamlet*. Mr. F. Kingsbury and Mr. Ganz were among the accompanists.

CHEVALIER DE KONTSKI's concert was given in Hanover Square Rooms on Friday week, and attracted a crowded audience, who were naturally anxious to hear a *virtuoso* of fame. The Chevalier played selections both classical and popular. In the first class were Beethoven's piano, violin, and violoncello trio in C minor, a Handelian fugue, and Weber's "Perpetuum mobile." The trio was marred somewhat by a refractory violin string; and, apart from this, its performance was not strikingly meritorious. The three artists, Signor L. Risegari, M. Albert, and M. de Kontski, were well matched as regards ability, but the average of that ability hardly struck us as the highest. Handelian fugue was very affectingly played, and made little impression. Greater success, however, attended the Chevalier in his own pieces, "Le Réveil du Lion," and *Faust* fantasia. These were given with astonishing vigour and dexterity, and showed a complete mastery over the mechanism of the instrument. It seemed as though four hands, instead of two, were busy, so many notes were struck, and so much noise produced. At the end of each piece the Chevalier was recalled amid loud applause. Among the other features of the concert were Signor Risegari's playing of his own *Elegie* for violin (a tasteful composition),

and a violoncello solo by M. Albert. The vocalists were Mlle. L. Leali (who sang "Torquato Tasso," as well as a new *valse*, "V-nite a danzar," very effectively), and Signor Caravoglia, of whom nothing need be said.

Mr. LANSLOWNE COTTELL gave the last of his academy concerts for the season at the Store Street Rooms on Saturday. Mr. Cottell provided for his large audience a most agreeable and attractive programme of vocal and instrumental pieces, all of which were effectively given and loudly applauded. More than thirty pupils made their appearance at this concert. Some of them possess talent of a superior description, which we doubt not Mr. L. Cottell will do his best to develop. The professional services of Mlle. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Messrs. Betjemann, Walter Reeves, and Herr Angyalfi were also engaged. Balte's trio, "I'm not the Queen," sung by the Mlles. Doria and Mr. Betjemann, was loudly encored, and in the *bolero* from the *Sicilian Vespers* Clara Doria created the usual effect. Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Herr Lehmeier, and Francesco Berger, accompanied.

The following address was written and spoken by Mr. Tom Taylor, at the Lyceum Theatre, on the occasion of the "farewell benefit" for Mr. John Parry.

"Movements there are, in which one's ear to push,  
Provokes the hint that 'good wine needs no bush';  
Names, that to speak's to praise—'o praise, as silly  
As 'tis to 'sing the cold or paint the lily'  
Names, with such afterglow around them cast  
From sunny memories of the pleasant past,  
That, like the spell of the Arabian story,  
But speak them, and this hard earth opens before ye,  
Upon a fairland of hidden treasures;  
Light, to which ours is dim, uncloying pleasures,  
Golden delirium, free from all yoke of earth,  
And lanquidity with no headache in their mirth.

"Even such a name is that our programmes carry,  
The tuneful, cordial, genial name—John Parry!  
Speak it—and who, in hearing it, but hears  
A sound of fairy-music in his ears?  
A gem of notes—now like a sweet bird singing,  
Anon, to maddest mirth the changes ringing;  
But whatso'er the mood that rules the hour,  
With taste to guide, and skill to govern power,  
Though it seem random, such the cunning shown  
Of voice and instrument, of touch and tone:  
The puzzle is, while 'neath the charm we linger,  
'Twixt song and song, note struck, fancy, fun, and finger  
To give the palm—so perfect the accord  
Of look, and gesture, melody and word!

"Various as Jacques, he has plied in sport  
The body of our country, city, court;  
If a manna, with pluck on hand to marry,  
'What'd a Governor,' he sought J. in Parry;  
To ladies given to play at work, his school  
Unravell'd all the hearts of 'Berlin Wool';  
Ye blue belles, who'd have history made easy,  
Was there not his 'Fayre Rosamond' to please ye?  
Or if accomplishments you laid more stress on,  
There he was ready with his 'Single Lesson';  
Or virtuous ears with charm or stun  
With reverence of all orders is cur-  
sive every part, without a pen, pimper, through,  
And be still company as d'orchestra too!  
Travellers found John a guide to the 'Swiss Tour,'  
If less slow than the Alpine Club, more sure,  
With him no risk of broken necks, or falls;  
You heard the Rans-des-veches, sung in your stalls,  
Or if to England, say, to London, tied,  
John could whisk housefuls down to 'The Seaside.'

"To joys Paternosters find no dear,  
And all without the force of giving there;  
Nay, with this best of all toast-natures present,  
Who has not found a 'Public Dinner' pleasant?  
What dapper bard, ere this, tore down the screen  
That veils 'The Wedding Breakfasts' awful scene?  
Found mirth in speeching's vulgarst errors,  
And rollick'd in mothers-in-law of their worst terrors?  
Fill greater feat! he has got laughter hearty,  
For years, from 'Mrs. Rosamond's Evening Party';  
Where none e'er ventured till John Parry came,  
But found he was weak and the fun the same,  
Rare gift, that can sift what from empty chest, half,  
And out of bones and snobs can raise a laugh,  
Yet whose most pointed shaft never left a wound,  
Whose wildest fun ne'er broke good breeding's sound.

"But why waste words in his glorification,  
Who's his own Gallery of Illustration?  
Who, for a lifetime, has given fuller measure  
Of a more innocent and various pleasure,  
Than any favourite of the long array  
Who in our time have craved dull care away?  
Enough that he, whose mirth and music thus  
Have helped our pastime, now needs help from us;  
He sees not—for though playful, he is proud,  
And keeps his bright, not dark, side to the crowd,  
But our aged nerves repose and comfort ask  
To his loud hands—to fill them be your task!"

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

M. Raphael Félix completes his course of Offenbach by the production of *Orphée aux Enfers*, which is now performed for the first time in this country, although it is, we believe, the oldest of the composer's longer works. *Orphée* may, indeed, be said to mark a transition from the light musical pieces of the Opera Bouffo to those weightier pleasantries which have lately been the rage in London and Paris, and which constitute a *genre* of entertainment utterly unknown ten years ago. The burlesque element still prevails over the operatic; the spoken dialogue occupies more time than the lyrical effusions; and no attempt is made at elaborate concerted pieces. Nevertheless, few of Offenbach's airs are better known in this country than those of *Orphée aux Enfers*. The "Laughing Chorus" was in it-day heard at every theatre and music hall in London, and when sung at St. James's Theatre it is encored with delight as something charmingly familiar.

Written with less pretension than *La Grande Duchesse and Barbe-bleue*, *Orphée* is far more sprightly. You feel that nothing more than a joke is intended, and you accept it without reflection. The "fun" is, however, of a kind that demands good acting, and this requisition is admirably met at the St. James's Theatre. Eurydice, originally played at Paris by Mlle. Tostée, now belongs to the repertory of Mlle. Schneider, who has a full opportunity to display her vocal talent and her indefatigable vivacity, though the character is less marked than that of Boulotte. M. Dupuis has never been seen to greater advantage than as the colossal *roué* Pluto, an athletic Don Juan, to whom the petty libertine, Jupiter, a would-be despot without authority, capably played by M. Desmarets, is an amusing contrast. John Styx, Pluto's servant, a miserable wretch, who is always dimly drunk with the waters of Lethe, is indeed a droll caricature by M. Schey. *Orphée* (M. Beaucé) plays deftly on his fiddle, the songs and choruses all go off with the best possible spirit, and the stage arrangements are really wonderful, when we bear in mind that only a short season is contemplated.

It might be supposed that the freedom of antique costume would allow a more than ordinary indulgence in the improprieties which a malicious world persists in associating with operas of the Offenbach school. No exhibition, however, can be more free from offence, than the first three *tableaux* of *Orphée aux Enfers*. When the last *tableau* is reached there seems, indeed, to be a feeling that a whole evening passed without impropriety might be deemed insipid, and accordingly the most outrageous "can-can" ever seen on any London stage is danced by the whole of the company and rapturously encored. We therefore strenuously advise all fastidious persons to take leave of *Orphée* at the end of the third *tableau*, though we are perfectly aware that by this very advice we are only recommending a large majority of the audience to remain in the theatre till the final descent of the curtain.

THE *New York Tribune* says:—"A gentleman passing through a Massachusetts village the other day had the misfortune to be mistaken for the musical critic of the *Tribune*, and narrowly escaped lynching. The crowd in front of the tavern cried out, 'That's the d—d long-legged fellow who ran down our Jubilee!'"

MADAME ANNA BEBOP SCHULTZ arrived in England on Friday week by the "Delhi" from Alexandria, after a professional tour of many years in America, California, East and West Indies, China and the Indian Archipelago. She appears in good health and spirits. The accomplished lady will shortly proceed to New York.

AT San Francisco I went to the Chinese theatre. A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is conducted from week to week till he is either killed or married. The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it—but as my time was limited I went away at the expiration of 215 verses. There were 11,000 verses in this song—the chorus being "Tural-lural-dural-ri-fol-day"—repeated twice at the end of each verse—making the appalling number of 22,000 "Tural-lural-dural-ri-fol-days." And the man still lives.—*Arenius Ward.*

AN amusing incident occurred in one of the churches of Philadelphia, the other evening. An old lady, whose failing eyes demanded an unusually large prayer-book, started for church a little early. Stopping on the way to call on a friend, she laid her prayer-book on the centre table. When the bells began to chime, she snatched what she supposed to be her prayer-book and started for church. Her seat was in the chancel end of the gallery. The organ ceased playing—the minister read: "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In the effort to open her supposed prayer-book, she started the spring of the music-box which she had taken instead. It began to play—in her consternation she put it on the floor. It would not stop; she put it on the seat; it sounded louder than ever. Finally she carried it out while it played "Lannigan's Ball."

## THE BOSTON FESTIVAL ACOUSTICALLY CONSIDERED.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

"Where does all that mass of tone go?" asked almost every body who attended the monster concerts in the Coliseum. Those who went expecting to be overwhelmed in a tide of sound which should arouse in them something akin to awe, who were prepared for a grandeur of effect far greater than had ever before been produced by masses of instruments and voices, have been, if not disappointed, surprised at the tumultuous murmurings they have listened to. While the accuracy of time and excellence of tune which the 10,000 voices exhibited, were greater than had been feared, the volume of sound given forth was exceedingly small in proportion to the number, and therefore the Festival, in this respect, was a failure. Some predicted this; but most people expected to feel themselves uplifted upon a storm of harmony, exalted to an emotion of sublimity by a magnificent wealth of sweeping, crashing chords. Now that the glamour of Jubilee has passed away, and the result of the Festival can be considered from a purely musical view, we can easily see that the failure results not from imperfectness of execution, but from an attempt to combat the simple laws of nature.

The voices of two men cannot be heard farther than the voice of one man. This is the simple explanation of the failure. Within the limits of sound, near enough for the ear to readily and effectively hear a single voice, an added volume of tone of the same calibre tends to increase the sensation in the ear; but when the limits of hearing have been reached, a thousand added voices are no more discernible than one. They all fall short at the same point that one did.

If we throw a pebble into still water, a series of undulations are initiated, which become fainter and fainter at their circumference until they are no longer visible. If we throw a handful of them in, a far greater commotion is made where they fall, and a broken, confused series of waves initiated, which move on, like the first one, but extend no farther. It is precisely the same with the undulations of air initiated by voices or instruments. The size of the Coliseum is such as to include or nearly to include the limits of an ordinary voice. Madame Parepa, with a strong, telling voice, standing nearly one-third of the length of the building from one end, was clearly heard, and just heard, at the other end of the building. It was noticed that at the opposite balcony the eight voices which sang the "Inflammatus" made scarcely any more effect than Madame Parepa did alone. The forty voices which sang the solos in "The Heavens are telling," sounded like a weak quartet. The fifty trumpets were scarcely more sonorous, at the same distance than one. The two hundred violins were no more telling than those of an ordinary music-hall orchestra, and not nearly so pungent in quality of tone. The great chorus was just heard in the piano passages, and in the loudest bursts was not so voluminous as the ordinary Handel and Haydn choruses in the music hall. The great organ sounded as a common church organ does to one passing by in the street. The whole combined effect of the 10,000 singers and the 500 musicians was far inferior, in point of soul-stirring power, to that which was experienced at the Handel and Haydn festival in the music hall.

The reason of this, as we have before said, is that the distance between the performers and the auditors—at the extreme ends—is so great that the amount of disturbance of the air at one end is not great enough to extend to the other. Very many of the voices which were raised there could not be heard at all at a distance of five hundred feet, and the limits of all of them could not extend very much farther.

In perfect stillness, the mass of tone would doubtless have travelled farther than this, not with sonority, but with a sufficient force to be distinctly heard. But instead of silent surroundings, the rustle of dresses, the conversation of thousands of people, the tramp of hundreds in the corridors, all going on during the performances, and almost inseparable from such immense gatherings of non-musical people, effectually covered up the softer passages, and materially effected even the loudest.

It may be asked why we hear sounds equally light at a much greater distance, oftentimes, in the open air? It is because they are reinforced by various agencies. The wind will carry on aerial undulations to a greater distance, while they cannot be felt in the opposite direction for a greater part of the distance. A building constructed of resonant materials will hold and reflect a wave of sound to a greater distance than it would extend in space unaided. A torpedo thrown down in a parlour will create a more violent disturbance than a pistol will in a church. It is for this reason that the choral performances in the music hall are more sonorous than were those in the Coliseum, which was very inartistically contrived to reinforce and continue the sound made by the performers. Instead of a continuous arch, which would gather the sound and reflect it, the roof was broken into an inclined plane over the galleries, and an upright chimney in the centre, perforated with open windows. The gallery ceilings were covered with cotton cloth, from which depended, at regular distances, curtains of the same, effectually cutting off and smothering the tone which might have been carried along by resonant surfaces. The body of the building was hung with flags, stretching across and absolutely hiding the choristers from those in the corridors. All this, instead of assisting the distant voices, added to the normal hindrances to their being heard. Those on the floor were so low that the mass of tone rose far above them, leaking out at the many open windows and losing itself in space.

We have been speaking throughout of the natural and artificial hindrances to the success anticipated, of the causes why the voices of 10,000 singers sounded so faintly in the Coliseum. But we cannot omit to commend the chorus heartily for what it did, for its accuracy of time and tune, and to ascribe the highest praise to Mr. Zerrahn for the masterly way in which he led his vocal forces.

## LISZT AT HOME.

The editor of the *New York Musical Gazette*, now travelling in Europe, sends to that paper an account of his visit to Liszt:—

"I had brought a letter of introduction to him from Wm. Mason, but did not expect to see him at Rome, knowing that he was spending some time in Germany. Fortunately, it so happened that he returned to Rome just before I intended to start for Northern Italy, so I was saved the disappointment of passing him on the way. His rooms are at the convent of Santa Francesca Romana, near the Roman Forum and the Colosseum. They are furnished plainly, yet not exactly in the style of an ascetic. I was first ushered into a kind of a reception room in which were only a lounge and a few chairs. From it a door opened into his bedroom, in which I saw a stone floor (as is usual in this country), an iron bedstead with a strip of carpet before it, and one or two other simple articles of furniture. Presently, I was conducted into a larger room, which contained a suggestion of musical ideas in the shape of a 'Chickering Grand.' A book was lying open on the rack, and having the curiosity to glance at it as I passed, I found it to be Wagner's opera of *Tristan und Isolde*. In a moment the great artist entered and gave me as kind and hearty a greeting as I could wish. I did not expect to find him quite so genial. I felt at home with him at once, and spent a most agreeable hour in his society. He first inquired particularly with regard to his old pupil, Mr. Mason. He expressed a warm interest in his welfare, and seemed pleased to hear of the useful work he is doing in America. Said he intended to write to him soon with reference to his (Mason's) *Method for the Piano-orte*, of which he had received a copy. He gave an account of the manner in which he became possessor of the Chickering piano, that was standing there. It was presented to him by one of the firm after the Paris Exposition. When I suggested that I should be glad to hear him play, he sat down before the instrument at once, saying, as he took his seat, 'I am only an *invalid* player, having practised so little of late.' But if that was the performance of an 'invalid,' I should be glad to hear him when he is thoroughly convalescent. It is amazing the amount of fire there is in his eye and in his style. It is electric. He played a *nocturne*, and what he called an 'Ave Maria,' and although they were not the kind of compositions to call forth his full strength, yet they were enough to show what the lion must be when fully roused. After this he resumed his seat beside me on the sofa, and talked on various subjects. Spoke of a portrait of him that has just been painted by Healy for Longfellow, the poet. He said that Mr. Longfellow had asked the privilege of having one taken, and he was expecting a call from Mr. L. and the artist, in order to arrange for the sittings. One day, just as he had come from the church which adjoins the convent, where he had been taking part in the service, his door-bell rang. He walked to the door and opened it himself, with the long candle he had brought from the church still in his hand. As his visitors entered, Mr. Longfellow turned to the artist and said, 'There, I want him taken exactly as he is now,' and, accordingly, the picture was finished in that style, with his long black priestly robe and black silk stockings, with knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, and the long lighted candle in his hand. I did not see the painting, as it is now in London on its way to America.

"I asked him what city in Germany he regarded as being now the centre of the best musical influence. He replied, 'Munich, unquestionably. It has not been so until recently, but the labours of Von Bülow have given it that position. His *Conservatoire* there is something remarkable.' Finding that I was on my way to Germany, he took me into his library and insisted upon giving me the addresses of musical people that I ought to see in Munich and elsewhere, and notes of introduction to some. Every time I undertook to protest against giving him so much trouble, he stopped me by shaking hands with me. So I found there was nothing to do but to allow him to have his own way. When I came away he gave me a *carte-de-visite* of himself, an admirable likeness, with his autograph upon it, and I left the Franciscan convent well satisfied with my interview with the greatest of living pianists. "T. F. S."

*La France Musicale* denies a report that the old Paris Operahouse is in a dangerous condition.

CONSTERNATION was created in St James's Theatre on Wednesday night by an occurrence which was unattended by serious consequences. Towards the close of *Orphée aux Enfers* a quantity of coloured fire was burned. Mdlle. Schneider having approached too near one of the trays, her dress ignited, and she was enveloped in flames. The audience rose in alarm, and several from stalls and boxes leaped on the stage and threw coats over the actress, who preserved coolness throughout. The curtain fell, but was raised afterwards, in compliance with the demand of the spectators, and it was discovered that, though her dress was destroyed, Mdlle. Schneider had escaped without injury.



## WAIFS.

The *Musical Standard* is the only English musical periodical neither the organ of the music trade nor the advocate of any musical society or system. It is conducted with a view to perfect independence of all party interests.—*Musical Standard*.

We have substantial reasons for believing that the present coalition at the Italian Operahouse will not be allowed to keep its monopoly for another season. An opposition of a most formidable character is already organized—an opposition supported by a majority of the leading singers who have this year taken part in the performances at Covent Garden Theatre. Among the seceders, if we are rightly informed, are Mlle. Christine Nilsson, Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, Signor Gardoni, Signor Foli, and Signor Arditi, the conductor. And to this considerable company are allied Madame Volpini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Bettini, M. Gassier, and others. That such an opposition should have been organized cannot greatly surprise those who take an interest in operatic affairs. Whether the new company will be housed at Drury Lane or at Her Majesty's Theatre is not certain yet.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Sir Michael Costa left London on Monday for Italy.

Madame Arabella Goddard has given pianoforte recitals this week at Lowestoft, Great Yarmouth, and Ipswich.

Miss Roden has taken the Olympic for a short term.

Signor Mongini left London for Italy on Sunday morning.

Mr. Max Strakosch (the American Strakosch) is just now in Paris.

Madame Monbelli has been singing at Wiesbaden. She is now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews have accepted an engagement at the Princess's.

M. Roger forms one of a touring party about to start for the western departments of France.

The rehearsals of M. Auber's new opera, *Rêve d'Amour*, are actively going on at the Comique.

Madame la Marquise Adelina de Caux-Patti leaves London for the Continent on Monday morning.

The municipality of Trieste has voted 1,000 francs towards a monument in honour of Rossini.

M. Alexandre Dumas is preparing for the Ambigu Comique a version of his romance, *Joseph Balsamo*.

Mr. Webster's benefit, and the last night of the season at the Adelphi, is announced for the 28th instant.

A *Conservatoire* is about to be established at Venice with a municipal subvention of 30,000 francs.

M. Adolphe le Carpentier, a popular composer for, and professor of, the piano, died recently in Paris, aged 61.

The subscription for a monument to Chopin, organized at Warsaw by the Prince Orloff, is perfectly successful.

Herr Lehmeier has left London for Ems and Hombourg, where he is engaged to play at the summer concerts.

M. Muzio has returned to Paris from Italy, after having engaged an orchestra and chorus for the Cairo Opera.

The company of the Bouffes Parisiens are now playing at Baden, where M. Offenbach is going to bring out *La Princesse de Trébisonde*.

Mr. Charles Reade's adaptation of the Laureate's *Dora* occupies one New York Theatre, while a second has produced a dramatic version of *Enoch Arden*.

Miss Neilson has accepted an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, and will appear in the new drama by Mr. Dion Boucault, to be produced on the 31st inst.

Mlle. Christine Nilsson, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson on the piano, had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal Family at Windsor, on Tuesday afternoon.

It is reported that M. Bagier intends producing Halévy's *Guido et Ginevra* at the Italiens. Some of the Paris musical journals caution him against committing "une faute si grave."

The *Gazette Musicale* says splendid offers have been made to Madame Sass and M. Roger by a New York impresario, who proposes to bring out French grand opera—notably the *Prophète*.

A new theatre will shortly be opened in a leading thoroughfare, under the direction of Miss Litton, of the Gaiety and Princess's Theatres. The new building will equal in size the Adelphi.

An eminent German actor, lately on a visit to London, was tempted by that professional interest which makes every player a play-goer, to judge for himself the condition of his art in the country of Shakspeare. An ingenuous native asked him what he thought of the present state of the dramatic art in England. This was his reply:—

"Dramatic art! where is it? I can find none. I was recommended to go to two particular theatres where the best acting in London was to be seen. At one of them I saw a series of pretty drawing-room charades performed by a company whose highest ambition seemed to be to resemble amateurs as much as possible, and who certainly succeeded in doing so. At another I witnessed the performance of one of the most brilliant of your comedies by a set of worthy artists (excuse the word!), in whom nothing was so remarkable as the utter provincialism (you understand what I mean) of their accent, manners, dress, and demeanour. Only tell me where in this metropolis I can find on the stage something better than boisterous swagger, or vulgar grimace, or sham amateurs; something like intelligence, instruction, respect for art and for the educated public. To be sure, this is not play-going weather, but it is what you call 'the season,' is it not?"

Mr. Balfé hopes to begin his rehearsals of the *Bohemian Girl* at the Lyrique in August, and to produce it in October. "Not before 'the waters' are over, you may be sure"—said the popular composer.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson and Mr. Locker, who have been making a tour in Switzerland, arrived in Paris on Thursday week, and started on Saturday following for England. The poet was thus spared the inevitable dinner and toasts.

When demolishing the church of St. Dominic at Cremona, the tomb of Stradivarius was discovered. The municipality have resolved to re-inter the remains in the cemetery, and to erect a monument worthy the fame of the illustrious maker of violins.

Dr R. Sloman has been appointed organist of St. Martin's Church, Scarborough, and superintending choir-master to a branch of the Yorkshire Diocesan Choral Union. St. Martin's is, we believe, the parish church of the south side of that beautiful town.

A well-known minister repudiates the received theory that they have music in heaven. He declares that his choir has given him so much trouble on earth, that the idea of music in the world to come is wholly repugnant to his ideas of eternal peace and rest.

The fête of the Royal Dramatic College will be held to day at the Crystal Palace, honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. There will be a dramatic performance, and other entertainments of a different character from that of recent fêtes.

*Roméo et Juliette* is to be produced at the Opéra-Comique, with M. Capoul as Romeo. The tenor, whose engagement compels him to sing only in works not more than three acts long, demands an augmentation of 10,000 francs for singing in the five-act opera of M. Gounod.

M. Offenbach is growing ambitious, and intends writing a *Guillaume Tell*, after which he will be satisfied. Like Alexandre Dumas fils, he is tired of his reputation. The world has only recognized in him a master of frothy, catchy, attractive melodies, the illustration of indelicate subjects. Now he protests that he wrote musical tomfooleries like *La Périchole* and *Tullipatan* for the simple reason that they paid better than any other form of composition. Having amassed a handsome fortune he designs to produce one important work and then throw down his pen, in imitation of the recently deceased *maestro*, Rossini.

We read the following in the leading columns of the *Daily News*:—

"A correspondent of a fashionable contemporary, in which the performances of pigeon-shooters are registered, wrote to complain of a practice in the sport—the taking out the eye of the bird, to ensure its flight in a certain direction. The charge is answered in a facetious manner by 'Winchelsea and Nottingham,' critic of Milton, who inveighs 'against the loathsome mass of sensibility so much on the increase in the present day.' Despite all that 'Winchelsea and Nottingham' can say for pigeon-slaughter, we hold it to be a cruel and wanton amusement, with which sportsmen of the best school have expressed themselves disgusted. It requires little skill, and that of the quality found in the billiard-leg or the skittle-sharp. It is not even a good preparation for the cowardly *battue*, as famous hands at scoring pigeons shoot wildly when brought into preserves. No doubt the noble pigeon-shooter is an authority on the aristocratic pastime; but that is no reason why he should rage against every one who says a word in favour of humane ideas. His letter, if it prove anything, includes an apology for badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and intemperate cattle-drovers, co-sufferers with 'Winchelsea and Nottingham' from the 'loathsome mass of sensibility' which obtrudes itself upon the gunners of Red-house, whose recreations are so civilizing."

The *Morning Post* and the *Musician*, have fallen into a mistake with reference to the concerts of Mr. Barnby. We forget (unhappily) what the *Morning Post* said, some time since, but as the *Musician* follows suit, we quote his remarks:—

"The collapse of the movement for reduction of pitch to the French diapason may now be regarded as complete, the oratorio concerts having reverted, before coming to a close, to the ordinary standard. Mr. Barnby's Choir is so excellent that we trust it may be allowed to take its stand next year upon its own merits without the aid of any such specious cry as that which has now been abandoned. Promises already put forth, indeed, indicate that in future, reliance will rather be placed upon a prudent deviation from the beaten track of selection to give these concerts the necessary air of speciality." Now the fact is that Mr. Barnby maintained the pitch of the "*Diapason Normal*," in accordance with his announcement, to the very end of his series of "Oratorio Concerts," and what is more, intends to adhere to it.

**OPERATIC ACTIVITY IN ITALY.**—It is related of Abernethy that, on one occasion, when he had to deliver the inaugural lecture at the opening of the medical session at one of the London Hospitals, he cast his eyes, before commencing, on the large number of students before him, and exclaimed, unconsciously, aloud: "Poor devils! what will become of them?" Some similar remark might be applied to the mass of new operas produced during the first three months of the present year of grace, 1869, in Italy. "What will become of them?" What, indeed! The great majority will probably never be heard beyond the walls of the theatre where they were produced, though, may be, not one of the composers was called on less than twenty or thirty times in the course of the first night. However, to leave philosophizing, here is a list of them, together with the names of the composers and of the towns where they (the operas, not the composers) were brought out. *Mario*, serious; composed by Count Sampieri; first produced at the Teatri. Contavalli, Bologna. 2. *Chatterton*, serious; Signor Mancini; Cingolo 3. *Piccolino*, serious; Madame Grandval; Italiano, Paris. 4. *Un a follia a Roma*, comic; Signor Fed. Ricci; L'Athénée, Paris. 5. *Gravella*, serious; Signor Decio Monti; Teatro Doria, Genoa. 6. *Giovanna II. di Napoli*, serious; Signor Petrella; Teatro San Carlo, Naples. 7. *Iddegonda*, serious; Signor Melesio Morales; Teatro Pagliano, Florence. 8. *Valeria*, serious; Signor Ed. Vera; Teatro Comunale, Bologna. 9. *Fieschi*, serious; Signor Montuoro; La Scala, Milan. 10. *Ruy Blas*, serious; Signor Marchetti; La Scala, Milan. 11. *La Martire*, serious; Signor Perelli; Teatro della Pergola, Florence. 12. *I Tutori e le Pupille*, comic; Signor Dechamps; Teatro Pagliano, Florence. 13. *Caterina Howard*, serious; Signor Vezzossi; Catania. 14. *Alba D'oro*, serious; Signor Battista; Teatro San Carlo, Naples. 15. *Goretta*, semi serious; Signor San Germano; Teatro Re, Milano. 16. *Armando e Maria*, serious; Signor Carlo Alberti; Teatro Fiorentini, Naples. 17. *Le due Amiche*, serious; Signora Seneke; Teatro Argentina, Rome. 18. *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, serious; Signor Zecchini; Teatro Brunetti, Bologna. 19. *La Serva Padrona*, comic; Signor Tancioni; Teatro Alfieri, Turin. 20. *Eleonora d'Arborea*, serious; Signor Enrico Costa; Cagliari. 21. *Gulnara*, serious; Signor Libani; Rome. 22. *Un Marito in traccia di sua Moglie*, comic; Signor Vitt. Grondona; Milan. —It must be observed that in the above list are included operas written by foreign composers—not Italians, that is to say—for the Italian stage, and operas written by Italian composers for the theatres elsewhere than in Italy. It must furthermore be stated that *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, though new for Italy, was first represented in Athens; and that *Gulnara* and *Un Marito*, etc., were not produced on the public stage but in private society, the first at the Palazzo Pamphili, Rome; and the second at Count Filippo Bologni's, in Milan.

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